THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, May 21, 1803. [No. 33.

THE NUT-SHELL.

A TALE.

SLIGHT and almost infinitely slender are the threads of the spider, and the web of the silk worm; but much slighter, and infinitely more slender are those threads by which the fates of mankind are sometimes connected, and sometimes entangled. This truth was long overlooked by our writers of novels and romances; and even now that they have begun to observe it, it cannot be wholly superfluous to relate the story of a young man, who was brought to infamy and ruin—by a *nut shell*.

BENDORF was a youth of ardor and sensibility, with the purest principles of religion and probity; the most honorable of men towards his friend, and still more honorable towards his mistress—for both of whom he would have sacrificed, upon a proper occasion, both his fortune and his life. Though severe and unmerciful to his own foibles, he was, alas! more obsequious than the fibres of the ivy, to those of the persons to whom he was attached; and he was always attached to some of either sex.

He was now returned from the university of Gottingen, with a head full of philosophy, and a heart still fuller of enthusiasm for all that was fair and good. The animated tone of his conversation, the original cast of his words and behavior, his freedom of thinking, and the boldness with which he ridiculed antiquated prejudices, all these made him quickly taken notice of. Many men, and particularly old ones, shook their heads at him in silence; others, and especially those who had hitherto given themselves the examples in matters of taste, were loud in their censures of the noisy fellow, not so much because he was noisy, as because he surpassed them in reading and in sense; but there were also many who loved and encouraged him, and who whispered softly in his listening ear,—Bravo, young man, you have much in your power; be active, and your influence will increase by degrees. I choose purposely the epithet *listening*; for who can doubt that a Bendorf would be ambitious.

He was treated quite differently by the fair sex. Of them, there was scarcely one in the circle, in which it was proper for him to move, who did not receive him with her best courtesy; no girl, that did not frequently leave honorables and right honorables to themselves, in spite of the magnificence of their holiday suits, in order to prattle with the young secretary; no married woman, that did not, the evening after she had been at the theatre, repeat to him her opinion of the play and players; and no matron who did not exclaim with genuine compassion: "A fine young fellow! if he were but more regular in his attendance at church!" In many companies, where they had hitherto played nothing but Ombre and Basset, Whist, in complaisance to him, became the mode.* In short, all the ladies were equally pleased with him; so long, at least, as on his side, he behaved with equal politeness and attention to them all.

But the cursed whimsy—It is indeed often both proper and useful, though a tender heart suffers much from it, and in place of continuing in ease and freedom, chuses rather a voluntary slavery. In a town such as D——, for the establishment of which, nature had produced so many charming girls, it was impossible for a heart so tender as Bendorf's, to remain long unsubdued. Two nymphs strove for its dominion, and he hesitated for a considerable time between them. Amelia Mildau, fair, gentle, young, and rich, with faultless manners, and unblemished reputation; contended for the prize with Julia Hilmer, equal in fortune, much fairer, but less amiable, mild and good. The one allured you by her sweetness and sensibility, the other dazzled you by the power of her wit. The quiet and retirement of a country life appeared to be fitted for the temper of Amelia: while that of Julia would have suited a metropolis. She said not a

NOTE.

* The reader must not forget here, that the scene is laid some years back, in which whist has not yet become the universal study.

word without attempting to shine, nor employed a gesture without attempting to conquer.

She was qualified, had she been beloved by a prince, to rule and ruin a whole kingdom. She was vain as the titled commoner of yesterday, and fonder of gaming and dissipation than a new married woman of kisses and dalliances.—If Amelia had more friends, Julia had many more admirers; if the former was oftener praised, the latter, on the other hand, was more frequently mentioned. It was not indeed good that was always said of her, but to be spoken of, seemed to her enough.

We said that Bendorf was long undetermined:—like the Falstaff of Shakespeare, he would have willingly taken both; the one for Sundays and festival days, the other for the every day comfort of life. But his better sense at length declared for Amelia. He first sued for, and obtained her friendship; then went a step further, and obtained her love; so that he was now looked upon as her acknowledged bridegroom, and nothing was considered as wanting to the union, but the death of his predecessor in office, and his own advancement to fill the post. But scarcely had the active tongue of rumor scattered this intelligence abroad, when Bendorf was sensible of a material alteration in the behavior of many of his acquaintances towards him. Many a father of marriageable daughters now received his visits with great coldness, and asked him much seldomer to dinner: many a superannuated dowager shook her noddle, as if there had been sense in it, and cried out, "the depravity of the age! scarce six and twenty, and already thinking of marriage:" many a girl now discovered, that his nose was a little too much arched; his shape a little too slender; and his style a little too dogmatical; and many a secret admirer of Amelia affirmed, that he had it from the best authority, that Bendorf was not entirely unexceptionable in the performance of the duties of his office.

But Bendorf, though he could not but observe the change, gave himself no uneasiness about it. Attached wholly to Amelia, every company where she was not, appeared to him tasteless and tiresome; to please her, and gain her favor, every faculty of his soul was exerted; and although he was daily advancing in her good graces, he still thought his progress was too slow; till at last, after one of his colleagues had been so obliging as to make way for him, he had the extatic felicity of hearing Amelia, his Amelia's own lips, fix the month following, as the time of their union.—All his true friends now wished him joy; all that were not his well-wishers envied him; and every girl of Amelia's acquaintance could not help secretly saying to herself; "would I were in the place of Amelia!"

Whether it was distrust of his own weakness, of which he had frequently been convinced by experience, or a tender indulgence for Amelia's temper, which he knew to be pretty much inclined to jealousy, or from a real indifference about every thing but her, whatever was his motive, he made it a point, from the first explicit avowal of her affection, to break off almost all connection with other women, and altogether with Julia. The warmth, however, of that lady's attachment, increased in proportion to his coldness, and the more he appeared to forget her, the more frequently did she think upon him. Many were the plans which she laid to ensnare him; but in spite of her ingenuity, all to no purpose. She grew at length weary of lavishing on an ungrateful man those allurements which a thousand others would have received with the transports of an enamoured knight, and rewarded with gold watches and diamond trinkets. And with this alteration of her behavior towards him, Bendorf was now perfectly satisfied.

Once on a sultry afternoon in summer, tired with the drudgery and formalities of business, he hurried for refreshment to the society of his beloved; and found her quite alone at an open window, where she was employed with a book, and likewise at intervals, in order perhaps to shorten the tedious passages, with opening some hazle-nuts that lay before her. She received him in the tenderest manner; he sat long, leaning on her arm, talking of his passion, of her merits and her charms, of a thousand feelings known only to themselves, of a thousand prospects and projects for futurity, and of all those pleasing recollections which were connected with the beginning of their acquaintance, wholly engrossed with his own felings, and with such favorite topics of discourse, ——he snatched up, without knowing wherefore, a handful of nut-shells, and threw them over the window.

"What are you doing, Bendorf?" cried Amelia, instantly; "you may have thrown them upon somebody's head."

"I should be sorry for that," answered he, smiling; and went directly to the window, but drew back with great surprize and precipitation, for he saw there two ladies standing beneath it, and gazing up.

Amelia, who observed the alteration of his color, followed him with equal heedlessness to the window, and besides seeing the same objects, heard distinctly these words:

"I thank you, Bendorf, for this instance of your civility. It is quite novel, but on that account, I assure you, I esteem it the more ingenious. You was, perhaps, afraid that I should not otherwise have observed who was your amiable companion."

"It is the voice of Julia Hilmer," cried Amelia, in a tone of the bitterest vexation. "A pretty exploit you have just now committed, you thoughtless, rash, trifling fellow. She has long had an ill-will to us both, and will undoubtedly look upon it as an intended affront."—Here, in the usual manner of women, (who are never more anxious than about trifles, though they often make up for it by the greatness of mind which they assume with ease upon more important occasions,) a whole croud of disagreeable suspicions were strung together like the beads of a necklace; and it cost poor Bendorf the eloquence and persuasion of a Demosthenes, to bring her again to temper and composure.—But when he was beginning to hope that he might accomplish his purpose, he was interrupted by the entrance of Amelia's waiting-maid. She, who was a great favorite with her mistress, had by chance been standing at the house-door, when the nose of Julia had been so unluckily assaulted; and she now related (with such exactness as made the poor youth almost frantic, and with a minuteness, in comparison of which, a box on the ear was a mere trifle,) all the sneers, gibes, and sarcasms, which Julia, after the accident, either uttered, or might have uttered.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PYTHAGOREAN WOMEN.

(Continued from page 251.)

THEANO TO KALLISTO.

THE laws have indeed, impowered you, young women, to rule your domestics, as soon as you are married; but *how* you are to rule them is left for you to learn from those of your sex who are older than you, and who, besides, love to impart instruction, and to speak of economy. It is an excellent thing, to learn what we do not know, and to listen to old people, as the fittest persons, on account of their experience, to give advice. A person, who has but just exchanged the single for the married state, cannot begin too early to cherish these important matters in her young mind. The maid servants are the first domestics that a wife has to govern; and in this point, my dear, every thing depends upon your power of inducing them to serve you cheerfully. We do not buy the hearts of our slaves, together with their persons; but a prudent mistress must gain these by her conduct and this is effected, if we do not demand more of them than what is just, and manage them so as not to oppress them by too much labor, nor to render them unfit for working by stinting them in their food: for they are human beings, as well as ourselves. There are wives, who, to their greatest injury, think to gain much by treating their maid servants ill, by overloading them with work, and stinting them of the necessary aliments. Ill will, infidelity, and secret conspiracies of the servants against the interest of their superiors, are the natural consequences of such treatment. In order to save a few pence, we expose ourselves to damages, which at last, run up to a consideable amount. Lest you should commit the same error, my dear Kallisto, you will do well to allot your slaves a certain compensation for the supply of their daily wants, in proportion to the quantity of wool which they spin or manufacture, so as to enable them to live better, the more they improve in diligence. As for the faults which they may commit, you ought to pay particular regard to what you owe to yourself. Punish your maids, according to the greater or less degree of their guilt, without giving way to rage or cruelty: for, what you lose of your dignity by the former, cannot be retrieved by the latter. If you be always mistress of yourself, you will be better able to shew, that you are determined not to endure improprieties and malice. Should their vices be incorrigible, you ought to get rid of them as soon as possible, by selling them; for, where is the use of governing a being who is useless to us? On all these occasions, listen to the voice of reason: It will not only instruct you, whether a fault have the degree of guilt, how great soever really been committed, but will also teach you, to proportion the punishment to the crime be, and preserve you from injuring innocence.

Indulgence and forgiveness are frequently the most prudent step which a wife can take, in order to prevent greater mischief, and to preserve that authority, upon which so much depends in private relations. Many women can even be so cruel as to whip their female slaves, and to vent their fury in the most barbarous manner against them, in order to make an example, as they say, of these poor beings. But, what advantage do they derive from such rigorous domestic government? Some servants break their hearts, under the pressure of such an unhappy life: some seek their safety in flight; and others even have been led by despair to suicide. Therefore, if such a wife sees her house at last deserted, and to her sorrow bemoans the imprudence of her domestic government, her repentance comes too late.

Recollect, my young friend, that the strings of an instrument give no sound, if they be too slack,—and break, if shey be strained too tight. The case is similar with respect to a wife and her domestics: the former loses her authority by too much indulgence, and the latter neglect their duty: and nature, on the other hand, cannot endure too much rigor. In this instance also the golden adage holds good: *The middle road is always the best.*

These are the three letters of Theano which, probably, out of a great number have escaped the ravages of time, and of whose authenticity scarcely any doubt can be entertained*. Several ancient authors mention another younger Theano, who (according to the usual correctness of the Greeks in such matters) is frequently confounded with the writer of the preceding letters. Jamblichius observes, I think, with sufficient reasons, that the one Theano was married to Pythagoras himself, but the other to Brontinus, one of his principal followers at Orotona. An anonymous biography of Pythagoras, of which Photins has preserved only a few extracts, says, that she was a daughter of our philosopher; and I am very much inclined to believe, that the *advice to ladies*, and the *Apophthegms* of several members of the Pythagorean order, which Suidas attributes to her, were nothing else but *collections* made by the younger Theano, partly from the letters of her mother and other ladies belonging to the order, and partly from her Apophthegms, or remarkable moral maxims, which to her appeared worthy of being preserved.

Theano once was asked by what means she intended to obtain celebrity? (this question was, perhaps, intended as a snare.) She replied by quoting the verse of Homer*:) *By being industrious at my spindle and true to my connubial bed.*

To another person, who wanted to learn of her in what consisted the summary of all that befits a wife? she replied: *To live entirely for her husband.*

These two short replies, if I may presume to judge, overbalance all the *golden rules* of Pythagoras, and contain the theme for a complete system of ethics for one half of the human species; although the spirit in which Theano gave them, be rather out of fashion in our enlightened age. Our times would soon wonderfully change, and all European states, verging towards destruction, would be regenerated in less than half a century, if there could be discovered a channel by which one might infuse into the hearts of all our married and unmarried ladies the sentiments which these simple replies of the beautiful Theano breathe.

The Greek ladies who were initiated into the mysteries of *Ceres*, might be legally compelled to live apart from their husbands during the celebration of the Thesmophories, and nine days previous thereto. If the assertion of Mr. de Pauw, concerning the warm constitution of the Greek ladies, be founded in truth, their nine days and nights must, indeed, have appeared extremely long to them. A

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* The learned *Lucas Holstenius* has published four more letters, or rather fragments of letters, which he found in the library of the Vatican, and which bear the name of the *Wisest Theano*, but at first sight distinguish themselves from the genuine ones, as much as copper distinguishes itself from gold.

* Ilias I. 31. Theano applied this verse to herself by leaving out two *eta's*.

satyrist might, perhaps, think, that Theano compassionately reflected upon this circumstance in her reply to a young wife, who asked her: after how long a time a woman who cohabited with a man, was pure enough to be admitted to the Thesmophories! "*Immediately*, (answered Theano) if he be her husband, and *never*, if he be not."

As for myself, I can perceive in this reply, nothing that says a great deal in a few words, but an advice to a young person who betrayed in her question her very erroneous ideas of the Thesmophories and of the matrimonial connexion: the mysteries of Ceres (the enlightened and virtuous Theano meant to say) are too sacred to be capable of polluting a wife who is strict in the observance of her duties; and no woman, who can degrade herself so much as to transgress them, can render herself by any abstinence capable of celebrating the Thermophories, without profaning them.

(To be concluded in our next)

THE RING.

LOVE and Hymen had united Eliza to the most inconstant of men: but Eliza idolized her husband, and his conduct had not lessened her affection for him. Grief consumed her, and its cause was known. A crowd of admirers attempted to alleviate her sorrows. Among those who sought to attract her attention was Dorset, a young man of a dangerous friendship for tottering virtue, and who appeared to obtain a preference, without, however, succeeding in engaging Eliza's heart. Neither his vows nor his assiduity could lead to the gratification of his wishes. Eliza remained faithful to her inconstant husband. Dorset, without being discouraged, resolved to try every means: interest often triumphs where sentiment is disregarded, and by interest he expected to conquer a heart, till then invincible. One day, as he was alone with Eliza, and speaking to her of his ardent love, he presented to her view a very elegant diamond which he wore. Eliza took particular notice of it; her looks rather agitated, met Dorset's. She appeared affected, sighed; took his hand, as if to examine the ring: he imagined he felt her press it, and was at the height of joy: he took it softly from his finger, and presented it to her. Eliza seemed to feel a secret satisfaction.

"Accept this trinket," said Dorset, with transport: "it gratifies me the more to offer it you, since it appears to please you: and gives me a fresh opportunity of proving my affection, in sacrificing to you an amiable woman from whom I received it!"

"If that be the case," said Eliza, "I accept it with gratitude, and particularly without reluctance, for it is mine."

"How?"

"Yes, I have long thought it lost, I had mislaid it; but, from what you tell me, I see it has travelled, and I guess where it went."

"I assure you, Madam, that it is from Lady Noble."

"Precisely—my husband paid some attention to that lady, who probably received it from him, as she gave it to you; but I must own, that I cannot accept it on the same terms."

Dorset, confounded, withdrew in silence. Eliza, as a prudent woman, received her husband in the evening more tenderly than ever; and, in the night, while he was asleep, she placed the ring on his finger: when he awoke, he felt his wrongs; and, his eyes being opened to a true sense of his errors by the delicacy of his wife's conduct, he restored to her the regard he owed her, and Dorset, seeing that Love and Hymen agreed so well, to increase the domestic happiness of this couple, sought elsewere women to console.

SINGULARITIES.

THERE was an old woman about *Arbeus*, who drank three drams of *cicuta* without hurt. *Lysis*, without hurt, took four drams of *poppy*; and *Demophon*, who was gentleman-sewer to *Alexander*, was very cold when he stood in the sun, or in a hot bath, but very hot when he stood in the shade.—*Athenagoras* felt no pain if a scorpion stung him. And the *Psilli* (a people in *Lybia*, whose bodies are venom to serpents) if they be stung by serpents or asps, receive no hurt at all. The *Æthiopians*, who inhabit the river *Hydaspis*, eat serpents and scorpions without danger. *Lothericus*, of Chysurgion, at the smell of a sturgeon, would be for the time mad. *Andron*, of *Argus*, was so little thirsty, that without want of drink, he travelled through the hot and dry country of *Lybia*. *Tiberius Cæsar* could see very well in the dark. And *Aristotle* mentioneth of *Thratius*, who said, that the image of a man went always before him.

ANECDOTES.

Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a rediculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words *I say*. An under graduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him, to give him a jobation, which he thus began; I say, they say, you say, I say, I say; when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding him begone to his room.

Colonel Bodens, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how d'ye, answered, "Pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, Sir," rejoined the man, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

Lieutenant S—— being extremely ill, and almost dead for want of rest, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate. Whilst it was preparing, his disorder being at a crisis, he fell into a profound sleep. His friend and countryman, Lieutenant A—— P——, who had attended him with the most unremitting care, seeing the state he was in, shook him violently by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Arrah, my good friend, don't be after sleeping now, but wait till you have taken your sleeping stuff!"

In Suffolk, black puddings made in guts are called links. Once when king George II. landed at Harwich, it was so dark by the time he reached Copeluck, that lights were thought necessary: the harbinger or officer going before, enquiring of the landlady of the inn, if she had any flambeaux, or could procure any? Being answered in the negative, he asked her if she had any links? "Aye, that I have," said she, "and some as good as his Majesty, God bless him, ever eat in all his life."

Extract of a Sermon by the Bishop of Rochester, preached at the Magdalen.

"IT is one great defect, that, by the consent of the world) for the thing stands upon no other ground) the whole infamy is made to light upon one party only in the crime of two; and the man who, for the most part is the author, not the mere accomplice of the woman's guilt, and, for that reason, is the greater delinquent, is left unpunished, and uncensured. This mode of partial punishment affords not to the weaker sex the protection which, in justice and sound policy, is their due against the arts of the seducer. The Jewish law set an example of a better policy and more equal justice, when, in the case of adultery it condemned both parties to an equal punishment, which, indeed, was nothing less than death. A worse evil, a mischief attending the severity, the salutary severity, upon the whole of our dealing with the lapsed female, is this,—that it proves an obstacle, almost insurmountable, to her return into the paths of virtue and sobriety, from which she has once deviated. The first thing that happens upon the detection of her shame is, that she is abandoned by her friends, in resentment of the disgrace she hath brought upon her family. She is driven from the shelter of her father's house; she finds no refuge in the arms of her seducer; his satiated passion loaths the charms he hath enjoyed; she gains admittance at no hospitable door; she is cast a wanderer upon the streets, without money, without lodging, without food! In this forlorn and helpless situation, suicide or prostitution is the alternative to which she is reduced.—Thus the very possibility of repentance is almost cut off, unless it be such repentance as may be exercised by the terrified sinner in her last agonies, perishing in the open streets, under the merciless pelting of the elements, of cold and hunger, and a broken heart!—and yet the youth, the inexperience, the gentle manners, once, of many of these miserable victims of man's seduction, plead hard for mercy!——But we have high authority to say, that these fallen women are not, of all sinners, the most incapable of penitence,—not the most unlikely to be touched with a sense of their guilt,—not the most unsusceptible of religious improvement:—they are not, of all sinners, the most without hope if timely opportunity of repentance were afforded them. Sinners such as these, upon John the Baptist's first preaching found their way into the Kingdom of Heaven before the Pharisees, with all, their outward show of sanctity and self-denial."

Portrait of the Seducer.

"Happier far their lot than that of their base seducers, who, not checked, like these, in their career of guilty pleasure, by any frowns or censure of the world, 'have rejoiced themselves in their youth,' without restraint; 'have walked,' without fear, and without thought, in the ways of their heart, and in 'the sight of their eyes;' and, at last, perhaps, solace the wretched decrepitude of a vicious old age with a proud recollection of the triumphs of their early manhood over unsuspecting woman's frailty; not having once paused to recollect, that——'God for these things will bring them unto judgment!"

FORTITUDE

Inspired by Filial Fondness, exemplified in the Conduct of

MADEMOISELLE CAZOTTE.

MADEMOISELLE Cazotte was the only daughter of a gentleman, who, at the commencement of the French revolution, was seventy-two years of age; and being closely connected with the intendant of the civil list, was from that circumstance unfortunately involved in his fate; for letters of M. Cazotte's were found in La Porte's possession, and the writer of them was sent to prison with his amiable daughter.

To Mademoiselle in a few days liberty was offered; but she refused it, and obtained permission to remain confined; and the affectionate zeal she testified for her father, united to the eloquent persuasions that she used, so far interested the Marsellois (who were quartered in the prison) in his favor, that they unanimously determined to preserve his life.

Though the ill-fated old man's death was thus unexpectedly prevented thro' the filial attachment of his amiable child, yet his savage pursecutors allowed him but a short enjoyment of existence; for on the evening of the second of September, they again demanded his life.—— Mademoiselle Cazotte, hearing her father's name vociferated by voices which appalled every feeling by their sound, instantly rushed out amongst the group of murderers, and undauntedly answered to the name. Her extreme youth, beauty, and courage, struck with astonishment the sanguinary band; and cruelty itself remained some moments doubtful whether it should fulfil oppressive *Tyranny's command.* "What hast thou done to be *here* with thy daughter?" said one of the foremost to the ill-fated Cazotte. "You will find *that* by the jailor's books," replied the prisoner; which informed them, that, for being a *counter-revolutionist*, Cazotte was detained. Scarcely was this report circulated amongst them, than the axe was raised over the unfortunate man's head; which his daughter perceiving, uttered a shriek of horror, and throwing herself upon him, concealed him from their sight.

"Strike, barbarians!" said she, disdaining supplication; "for you cannot reach my father, but through the passage of my heart!" At this astonishing proof of filial affection, hearts which had been strangers to compassion felt the force of nature's ties; and a shout of *Pardon! Pardon!* issued from the mouths of the surrounding multitude, and was re-echoed by the general voice. The Marsellois instantly opened a passage for them, and the old man retired under the cover of his sacred shield!"

What a tribute was at that moment offered to the social affections! What transitions can exalted virtue produce in the heart! Even barbarism itself seemed to acquire civilization; ferocity became gentleness; and the oppressors were subdued!

After the institution of the criminal tribunal, Cazotte was again destined to feel the force of tyrannic power; again was he arrested, and dragged to a prison; and again, in spite of all entreaties, accompanied by his child. "In the company of *you*, my father," said this amiable daughter, "the most cruel of assassins I have faced; and shall I not be the companion of your *new* misfortune, in which there is much less cause for dread or alarm? The hope of saving *your life* will again support me; and I will show to your judges a forehead furrowed with age. I will ask them if a man, who has but a few days to linger out among his fellow creatures, may not find *mercy* in the eyes of justice, after

having avoided the perils which *you* have escaped; I will enquire if him whose *white hairs* could excite *pity* in the breasts of assassins, could not create it in the hearts of *magistrates*, where *mercy* ought to reside? The voice of Nature will plead; and you will be liberated."—— "Oh!" said the unfortunate father, "*deceive* not *yourself*, my child!"

Though Cazotte at length agreed that his daughter should accompany him to prison, yet the keeper positively refused to let her in; and, agonized at this unexpected disappointment, she instantly flew to the commune, and, by the force of tears and supplications, at length had the satisfaction of obtaining consent. Night and day were spent in filial affections, and in endeavors to fortify her father's mind, except those hours when she was trying to induce his judges to use their influence to preserve his life.

When the period arrived which was to decide the destiny of the oppressed and unfortunate Cazotte, he appeared before the tribunal, supported by his amiable daughter, whose interesting appearance excited general applause! Previous to that mock ceremony which was falsely termed a trial, Cazotte had lain injunctions on his daughter *not to speak*; but as they proceeded, the variations of her countenance expressed more than the most eloquent tongue could reveal. Breathless from fear, and pale from apprehension, in all the agony of suspense, she waited to hear the final sentence pronounced; but, unable to support the dreadful conflict of feeling, she was carried apparently lifeless out of the hall!

The moment she had regained the power of recollection, she requested to be restored to that object whom nature had endeared; but the tears of her friends too fatally convinced her, she was never again destined to be blest with his sight; for execution immediately followed the sentence, and the unfortunate Cazotte was translated to a better life.

One telling another, "that he had once so excellent a fowling-piece, that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the house, although it was not charged." "How the devil can that be?" said the other. "Because, (said he) the thief carried it *off*, and what was worse, before I had time to *charge* him with it."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 21, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 38 persons during the week ending on the 14th. inst. of whom 28 were adults and 15 children. Of Consumption 3—Fits 2—Inflammation of the lungs 1—Dropsy in the brain 1——Pleurisy 1——Dropsy 2—Jaundice 1–Scald 1–Sudden death 1—Internal Abscess 1—Of disorders not generally understood 2—and 20 o f diseases not mentioned.

OLD FASHIONED BRAVERY.

——"*Dread sacrifice*
To modern pride! *which had with horror shock'd*
The darkest Pagans."——

Extract of a letter from an officer on board the United States frigate New-York, dated Gibraltar, 26th March, 1803, to his friend in Baltimore.

"While lying in Malta, lieutenant Vandyke, and the first lieutenant of marines, Mr. Osborne, went on shore to settle a trifling dispute. After exchanging four shots, lieutenant Vandyke received a ball in his right thigh, which passed through and was extracted from his left, which terminated his existence after an illness of three weeks. About the same time a duel was fought between Mr. Bainbridge, a midshipman of the New-York, and Mr. Cochran, an English gentleman residing in Malta. The latter was the challenger, and was killed."

Natchez, March 26th.

On Sunday morning last, a duel was fought on the Spanish shore, nearly opposite this city, by Doctor James Weir, and Mr. Francis Surget, both of this place, in which the former received a ball thro' his body, and expired in the evening of the same day.

We are informed that the celebrates Chickesaw chief *Wolf's Friend*, had shot himself, in a fit of remorse, it is supposed, occasioned by his having a short time previous killed a young Indian, in a drunken frolic.

[*From the Morning Chronicle*]

COMMUNICATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late praiseworthy activity of the police, in checking the shameful excess of indecency, rioting and drunkennes in George Street, there is yet ample room for their strenuous and humane exertions, to put a stop to the disgraceful scenes exhibited every evening both there, and in James Street.

To the knowledge of the writer of this article, there is at present in the former street, a female child not yet *eleven years* old (lately from Boston) devoting herself to the infamy of promiscuous intercourse! In this she is encouraged and supported by a woman noted for keeping a house for the accommodation of theunprincipled.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the evils that arise from such houses being suffered to exist; we have daily the melancholy instances of their pernicious influence on the conduct of thoughtless youth. How often do we see a young man of reputable connexions, and that might look forward to the most flattering prospects in life—deprived of reputation, of health, of fortune, and too often of integrity, in his career of dissipation, how often do we see him a prey to remorse and despair, a burthen to society, and a disgrace to his family connections.

The miserable wanton is no less unhappy on her part; her life is stained with impurity, frequently with robbery, and sometimes with crimes of a still darker complexion; her frame becomes the prey of disease, and her reflexions insupportable; in this state she not unfrequently applies suicide as a relief: few of them indeed escape a painful, premature, and unhappy end. Let the impartial judge on the necessity of such evils.

If a magdalen assylum could be established, and the same means made use of to reclaim these poor creatues that there are in London, many a child might be restored (penitent) to her parents, and many an Orphan preserved to society. The inhabitants of New-York never withheld their support from any laudable institution: they have ever been ready to form benevolent societies, and to solicit the means of alleviating human

misery. The virtuous of the fair sex, will pity these frail ones; they generally are the dupes of artifice, and victims of seduction. The poet seems to have thought the same when he composed the following lines.———

Were you ye fair, but cautious whom you trust,
Did you but know how seldom Fools are just,
So many of your sex, would not in vain
Of broken vows, and faithless man complain.

A YOUNG CITIZEN.

THEATRICAL REGISTER
FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, May 13.

AS YOU LIKE IT, *Shakespeare*—THE WAGS OF WINDSOR, *G. Colman. For the Benefit of Mrs. Johnson.*

MONDAY, May 16.

OTHELLO, *Shakespeare*——WAGS OF WINDSOR, *G. Colman. For the Benefit of the Manager.*

WEDNESDAY, May 18.

CYMBELINE, *Shakespeare*,——A TALE OF MYSTERY, *Holcroft.*

THE INSUBVERSIBLE AND INVERSIBLE BOAT.

THE three first owners of vessels, who will undertake to have such a boat built within one month from this time, shall have the licence for the use of one such boat on board one vessel (as long as such vessel may last) for nothing, for which preference they will call upon Mr. Du Buc Marentille, or write to him at the New-York Post-Office, and shall receive in writing, his above-mentioned promise. Besides, Mr. D. M. will give any information that may be wanted, and probably procure, (if they wish) the same ship-carpenter who built his boat.

COMMUNICATION.

THE inversible boat was tried on the 16 inst. at New-York, in the presence of a vast number of people. She was hove down a number of times, the tops of the masts quite below, and the hold full of water, from which situation she recovered instantly as many times, and so proved, beyond all doubt, impossible to overset. Whilst full of water, she supported all the people who were on her deck, to the number of eighteen, standing up; and as she stood much above the surface of the water, there is no doubt she could have supported as many as could have stood on the deck.

The expence of building such a boat is not precisely known; but it is thought that it would not exceed one hundred dollars.

The 15th inst. five persons set out from Hartford in a small boat for East-Windsor; having proceeded about eight miles, the boat suddenly overset, and two of them, viz. Mr. John Foote and capt. Joseph Watson were drowned.—These gentlemen were respectable inhabitants of Hartford, and in the prime of life. Mr. Foote has left a wife and two children, and Mr. Watson a wife and one child, and each a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances to lament their untimely fate.

Marriages.

On Sunday evening, May 8th, Mr. Abel Holden, jun. merchant, to Miss Maria Haynes, both of this city.

On Thursday, last week, Mr. George Booker, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Bailey, daughter of Mr. John Bailey, merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Thomas O'Niel, printer, to Miss Mary Barret, both of this city.

At New-Haven, on the 14th inst. Roger Strong, esq. to Mrs. A. Bradley, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Thomas Lovett, to Miss Catherine Warner, daughter of Mr. Philip Warner, all of this city.

Wm. Godfrey, to Mrs. Van Clack.

At Albany, Henry Lyon, to Miss Jane Speers.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Abraham Wheeler, to Miss Frances Duyenbury, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 17 inst. Mr. John M'Clure, to the amiable Miss Catherine M'Evers, both of this city.

Deaths.

In Curracoa, on the 14th of last March, and in the 47th year of his age, Benjamin Hamnett Philips, esq. Consul for the United States to that Island.

The great Klopstoch is no more! He died at Hamburg, aged 79, on the 15th March. His Messiah has given him immortality. A late splendid edition of his works has been published under his own inspection. Germany has lost in him the first of her poets, and literature one of its greatest ornaments.

On Tuesday morning last, Mrs. Susannah Mercein, aged 73, a native of Switzerland, and for 50 years an inhabitant of this city. Her illness, which was tedious and severe, she bore with unexampled patience and resignation; and looked to her approaching dissolution with that calmness and piety that ever characterise the christian.

THEATRE.

MR. *HODGKINSON'S* BENEFIT.

On Monday evening, May 23,
will be presented,
A Tragedy, called,

Charlotte Cordé.

To which will be added,
A celebrated Pastoral, called,

PATIE AND ROGER.

With a variety of entertainmnets, which will be expressed in the bills of the day.

MR. HOGG'S NIGHT.

On Wednesday evening, the Comedy of
SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.
To which will be added,
A HOUSE TO BE SOLD.
With a variety of entertainments.

FOR THE VISITOR.

DAY.

SCARCE peeps the morn—its early blush
Illumes with gradual ray,
The misty vale; the dew-fed stream;
Percursor of the day.

The youthful breeze that fann'd the dawn,
Scarce murm'ring thro' the grove;
Now sweeps the lake; now scours the lawn,
Impetuous from above.

The sun that on the distant spire,
Scarce shed a yellow gleam;
Mature in radiance and in fire,
Now flings a fiercer beam.

But soon across the dusky vale,
The length'ning shadows stray;
And scarce is heard the noontide gale,
That breathes itself away.

O'er the still plain a deeper hue
Shrouds nature from the sight;
And heav'n and earth perplex the view,
Fast mingling into *night*.

Thus pass we on—unconscious thus,
O'er youth and manhood's prime,
In quick succession to our fate,
Blind pensioners of time.

Flush'd with fond hopes, our morning sky
Spreads flatt'ring and serene;
The mists of dawn still hov'ring nigh,
While fancy gilds the scene.

Anon each pow'r—each wish mature
A noontide fervor sways;
The past forgot—the present sure,
Desire's meridian blaze.

But ah! how soon that sun must fade,
That noon of rapture end!
Soon sinks this lustre into shade,
The damps of *age* descend.

And oft o'er fortunes brightest noon;
Fruition's fondest day,
Low'rs the swift whirlwind's sudden gloom,
Impervious to a ray.

But *virtue* sure can feel no dread,
In hast'ning to the grave;
Misfortune frowns not sure on *such*;
The *virtuous* are the *brave*.

Reflection's boon—a well spent hour
Illumes the doubtful way;
Leads anguish from her *midnight* tow'r,
Despondence into *day*.

ALEXIS.

KISSES.

AS round some neighb'ring elm the vine
Its am'rous tendrils loves to twine;
As round the oak, in many a maze,
The ivy flings its gaudy sprays;
Thus! let me to your snowy breast,
My dear *Neæra!* thus be prest;
While I 2s fondly in my arms,
Neæra! clasp thy yielding charms:
And, with one long, long *kiss* improve
Our mutual extacies of love.

Should Ceres pour her plenteous hoard,
Should Bacchus crown the festive board,
Should balmy Sleep luxurious spread
His downy pinions o'er my head;
Yet not for these my joys I'd break,
For these! thy vermil lips forsake.
At length, when ruthless age denies
A longer bliss, and seals our eyes;
One bark shall waft our spirits o'er,
United, to the Stygian shore:
Then passing thro' a transient night,
We'll enter soon those fields of light;
Where, breathing richest odors round,
A spring eternal paints the ground!
Where heroes once in valor prov'd,
And beauteous heroines once belov'd,
Again with mutual passion burn,
Feel all their wonted flames return;
And now in sportive measures tread
The flow'ry carpet of the mead;
Now sing the jocund, tuneful tale
Alternate in the myrtle vale!
Where ceaseless Zephyrs fan the glade,
Soft murm'ring thro' the laurel shade;
Beneath whose wav'ring foliage grow,
The violet sweet of purple glow,
The daffodil that breathes perfume,
And roses of immortal bloom:
Where Earth her gifts spontaneous yields,
Nor ploughshare cuts th' unfurrowed fields.

Soon as we enter these abodes
Of happy souls, of demi-gods:
The *blest* shall all respectful rise,
And view us with admiring eyes;
Shall seat us mid th' immortal throng;
Where I, renown'd for tender song,
A *poet's* and a *lover's* praise
At once shall gain, and claim the bays;
While *thou*, enthron'd above the rest,
Wilt shine in Beauty's train confest:
Nor shall the *mistresses* of *Jove*
Such partial honors disapprove;
E'en Helen, tho' of *race divine*,
Will to thy charms her rank resign.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (Musical Repository, No. 59, Maiden Lane) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS:

The peerless Maid of Buttermere---Evelina's Lullaby---Poor Mary----The Village Coquette----Once happy in a peaceful House---Ye Powers that rule without control---The sweet little Girl of the Lakes---The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose---Tarry awhile with me my Love----The mutual Sigh----The Sailor's welcome home---Mutual Bliss---the loud and clear-toned Nightingale---the Kiss---the Cake Man---a pretty Week's Work---The fair Huntress---the Blackbird---the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love---Adown, adown, in the Valley----Little sinning's in Love---Poor Ellen---the Pilot that moor'd us in peace---At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise---An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape----the poor little Child of a Tar---With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

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